

50 Per Cent of the Cotton Brought to the Sumter Market is Bought By the

Levi Bros.

WHY?

Because we are in touch with those who make advance contracts, and who are able to put us in position to pay more for cotton than any other buyers in our city.

But our cotton business is only an addition to our GENERAL MERCANTILE Business. We have by our diligence made ourselves leaders in trade, not by waiting for trade to come to us, but by our reaching out and coming in touch with the farmers of the country, and selling them Goods as cheap as the lowest, and giving to them for their products as much or more than the highest.

These are facts that have been demonstrated by our continued increase of business.

We want our friends to come to Sumter and look through our immense stock of

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions, Clothing, Shoes, Hats and the best line of Plantation and Family Groceries in the City.

To meet the demands of our trade everything is bought by us from first hands, and our patrons get the profit which other dealers must pay middlemen. We can and will save you money, both in what you buy of us, and what we buy of you. Come to see us.

LEVI BROS.

Next To Court House.

## CATARRH A COMMON COMPLAINT.

Catarrh begins with a stubborn cold in the head, inflammation or soreness of the membrane or lining of the nose, discharge of mucus matter, headaches, neuralgia and difficult breathing, and even in this early stage is almost intolerable. But when the filthy secretions begin to drop back into the throat and stomach, and the blood becomes polluted and the system contaminated.

I had a continual headache, my cheeks had grown purple, my nose was always stopped up, my breath on, then the sufferer had a sickening and disgusting odor, and I coughed incessantly. I heard of S. S. S. and commenced to use it, and after taking several bottles I was cured and have never since had the slightest symptom of the disease. Miss MARY L. STORM, Northwest Cor. 7th and Felix Sts., St. Joseph, Mo.

It affects the kidneys and stomach as well as other parts of the body. It is a constitutional disease and as inhaling mixtures, salves, ointments, etc., are never more than palliative or helpful, even in the beginning of Catarrh, what can you expect from such treatment when it becomes chronic and the whole system affected? Only such a remedy as S. S. S. can reach this obstinate, deep-seated disease and purge the blood of the catarrhal poison. S. S. S. purifies and builds up the diseased blood, and the inflamed membranes are healed and the excessive secretion of mucus ceases when new, rich blood is coming to the diseased parts, and a permanent cure is the result.

S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and a reliable remedy for Catarrh in all stages. Write if in need of medical advice; this will cost you nothing.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

## Improve Your Homes.

I am making a specialty this season of putting within reach the material to make the HOMES ATTRACTIVE, and thereby increase the value of property.

## The New Era Ready Mixed Paint

weighs 18 pounds to the gallon and is noted for its durability and for the vast amount of space it will cover.

## THE HAMMAR BRAND

is another fine Paint, 1 gallon of Oil added, makes 2 gallons of very heavy Paint. I want my customers to use these Paints and I am in position to give them good prices.

Get my prices on Floor and Lubricating OILS, VARNISHES, etc.

## ELWOOD WIRE FENCING

For pastures and yards the best on the market. I buy by car load and will sell at reasonable prices.

Always on hand the best Rubber and Canvas Belting and Machinery Supplies.

My store is headquarters for STOVES, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, HARNESSES AND SADDLERY, CARRIAGE and WAGON MATERIAL, and SPORTSMEN SUPPLIES.

When you want anything in my line come to see or write to.

## L. B. DURANT,

Sumter, S. C.

## CAPERS & CO.

Easily lead—let those follow who can, in

## Fresh Drugs, Chemicals, Toilet Articles.

A beautiful line of Novelties never before on this market now open for your inspection.

Call and see; no trouble to show goods.

SUMMERTON, S. C.

## LAZARRE

MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD

(Based Upon the Mystery Surrounding the Fate of the Dauphin, Son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette)

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### CHAPTER XI.

DIEPPE, high and glaring white above the water, will always symbolize to me the gate of France. The nobility of that view remained in my thoughts when half the distance to Paris was traversed.

I could shut my eyes and see it as I lay on the straw in a posthouse stable. A square hole in the front of the granier gave upon the landscape. Even respectable houses in that part of the country were then built with few or no windows, but delicious masses of grayness they were, roofed with thick and overhanging thatch.

I looked out of the granier window upon the highroad and upon the June sun in the act of setting, for we had supper and gone early to rest after a hard day. Post horses were stamping underneath, all ready for some noble count who intended to make another stage of his journey before daylight.

Small obtrusive cars, such as the desire that my shoes should last well into Paris, mingled with joy in the smell of the earth at sunset and the looking forward to seeing Mme. de Ferrier again. I wrapped myself every night in the conviction that I should see her and more closely than I had ever seen her in America.

There was a noise of horses galloping, and the expected noble count arrived, being no other than De Chaumont with his post coaches. He stepped out of the first, and Ernestine stepped out of the second, carrying Paul. She took him to his mother. The door flew open, and the woman I adored received her child and walked back and forth with him. Annabel leaned out while the horses were changed. I saw Miss Chantry, and my heart misgave me, remembering her brother's prolonged lament at separation from her.

He trusted, already shut into one of those public beds which are like cupboards, for the day had begun for us at 3 of the morning. But if he chose to show himself and fall upon De Chaumont for luxurious conveyance to Paris I was determined that Skenedonk and I should not appear. I wronged my poor master, who told me afterward he watched through a crack of the cupboard bed with his heart in his mouth.

The pause was a very short one, for horses are soon changed. Mme. de Ferrier threw a searching eye over the landscape. It was a mercy she did not see the hole in the granier through which I devoured her, daring for the first time to call her secretly Eagle—the name that De Chaumont used with common freedom! And how strange is this—that one woman should be to a man the sum of things! And what was her charm I could not tell, for I began to understand there were many beautiful women in the world, of all favors, and shapely perhaps as the one of my love. Only her I found drawing the soul out of my body, and none of the others did more than please the eye like pictures.

The carriages were gone with sun and it was no wonder all fell gray over the world. De Chaumont had sailed behind us and he would be in Paris long before us.

I had first felt some uneasiness and dread of being arrested on our journey, though our Breton captain obtained for us at Dieppe, on his own pledge, a kind of substitute for passports. We were a marked party by reason of the doctor's lameness and Skenedonk's appearance. The Oneida during his former sojourn in France had been encouraged to preserve the novelty of his Indian dress. As I had nothing to give him in its place, it did not become me to find fault. And he would have been more conspicuous with a cocked hat on his bare red scalp and knee breeches instead of buckskins. Peasants ran out to look at him, and in return we looked at them with a good will.

We reached the very barriers of Paris, however, without falling into trouble. And in the streets were so many men of so many nations that Skenedonk's attire seemed no more bizarre than the turbans of the east or the white burruse of the Arab. It was here that Skenedonk took his role as guide. He took a bee line upon his old tracks, and when the place was sighted we entered a small court, where a gruff man called a concierge, having a dirty kerchief around his head, received us doubtfully. He was not the concierge of Skenedonk's day. We showed him the coin and Dr. Chantry sat down in his chair and looked at him with such contempt that his respect increased.

The house was clean, and all the stairs we climbed to the roof were well scoured. My poor master stretched himself on a bed by the stooping wall. We paid for our lodgings, three commodious rooms, though in the mansard, my secretary dragging himself to sit erect with groans and record the increasing debt of myself and my servant.

"Come, Skenedonk," I then said. "Let us go down to the earth and buy something that Dr. Chantry can eat." We got a loaf of bread as long as a staff, a pat of butter in a leaf and a bottle of wine. My servant, though unused to squaw labor, took on himself the portage of our goods, and I pushed from street to street, keenly pleased with the novelty, which held somewhere in its volatile ether the person of Mme. de Ferrier.

Skenedonk blazed our track with his observant eye, and we told ourselves we were searching for Dr. Chantry's beef. Being the unburdened hunter, I undertook to scan close places and so came unexpectedly upon the Rue St. Antoine, as a man told me it was called, and a great hurrahing that filled the mouths of a crowd blocking the thoroughfare.

"Long live the emperor!" they shouted.

The man who told me the name of the street, a baker all in white, with his tray upon his head, objected contemptuously.

"The emperor is not in Paris. He is in Boulogne."

"You never know where he is—he is here, there, everywhere!" declared another workman in a long dark garment like a hunting shirt on the outside of his small clothes.

"Long live the emperor! Long live the emperor!"

I pushed forward as two or three heavy coaches checked their headlong speed and officers parted the crowd.

"There he is!" admitted the baker behind me. Something struck me in the side, and there was Bellengeter, the potter, a man I thought beyond the seas in America. His head as I saw



We were a marked party.

it that moment put the emperor's head out of my mind. He had a knife, and though he had used the handle, I foolishly caught it and took it from him. With all his strength he then pushed me so that I staggered against the wheel of a coach.

"Assassin!" he screamed, and then Paris fell around my ears.

If anybody had seen his act, nobody refrained from joining in the cry: "Assassin! Assassin! To the lamp post with him!"

I stood stupefied and astonished as an old blinking in the sunshine, and two guards held my collar. The coaches lashed away, carrying the man of destiny—as I have since been told he called himself—as rapidly as possible, leaving the victim of destiny to be bayed at by that many headed dog, the mongrel populace of Paris.

### CHAPTER XII.

ONE glimpse of Skenedonk I caught while we marched along Rue St. Antoine, the gendarmes protecting me from the crowd. He thought I was going to the scaffold, where many a strapping fellow had gone in the Paris of his youth, and fought to reach me, laying about him with his loaf of bread. Skenedonk would certainly trail me and find a way to be of use unless he broke into trouble as readily as I had done.

My guards crossed the river in the neighborhood of palaces and came by many windings to a huge pile rearing its back near a garden place, and there I was turned over to jailers and darkness. The entrance was unwholesome. A man at a table opened a tome which might have contained all the names in Paris. He dropped his quill and wrote by candlelight.

"Political offender or common criminal?" he inquired.

"Political offender," the officer answered.

"What is he charged with?"

"Trying to assassinate the emperor in his post chaise."

"La, la, la!" the recorder grunted.

"Another attempt! And gunpowder put in the street to blow the emperor up only last week. Good luck attends him—only a few windows broken and some common people killed. Taken in the act, was this fellow?"

"With the knife in his hand."

"What name?" the recorder inquired.

I had thought on the answer and told him merely that my name was Williams.

"Eh, bien, M. Veeleum. Take him to the east side among the political offenders," said the master jailer to an assistant or turnkey.

"But it's full," responded the turnkey.

"Shove him in some place."

They searched me, and the turnkey lighted another candle. The manager of my outfit was beneath remark. When he had led me up a flight of stone steps he paused and inquired:

"Have you any money?"

"No."

"So much the worse for you."

"What is the name of this prison?" I asked.

"St. Pelegrie," he answered. "If you have no money and expect to eat here, you better give me some trinket to sell for you."

"I have no trinkets to give you."

He laughed.

"Your shirt or breeches will do."

"Are men shut up here to starve?" The jailer shrugged.

"The bread is very bad, and the beans too hard to eat. We do not furnish the rations; it is not our fault. The rule here is nothing but nothing. But sleep in your breeches while you can. You will soon be ready enough to eat them."

I was ready enough to eat them then, but forebore to let them know it. The whole place was damp and foul. We passed along a corridor less than four feet wide, and he unlocked a cell from which a revolting odor came. There was no light except what strained through a loophole under the ceiling.

He turned the key upon me, and I held my nose. Oh, for a deep draught of the wilderness!

There seemed to be an iron bed at one side, with a heap of rags on top. I resolved to stand up all night before trusting myself to that couch. The cell was soon explored. Two strides in each direction measured it. The stone walls were marked or cut with names I could dimly see.

I chose one of the two corners not occupied by the ill odored bed, sat down and fell asleep, dropping my cares. A grating of the lock disturbed me. The jailer pushed a jug of water into the room and replaced the bolts.

Afterward, I do not remember anything except that the stone was not warm and my stomach craved, until a groan in my ear stabbed sleep. I sat up, awake in every nerve. There was nobody in the cell with me. Perhaps the groan had come from a neighboring prisoner.

Then a faint stir of covering could be heard upon the bed.

I rose and pressed as far as I could

into my corner. No beast or the wilderness ever had such terror for me as the unknown thing that had been my cell mate half a night without my knowledge.

Was a vampire—a demon—a witch—a ghost locked in there with me?

It moaned again, so faintly that compassion instantly got the better of superstition.

"Who is there?" I demanded, as if the knowledge of a name would cure terror of the suffering thing naming itself.

I got no answer and, taking my resolution in hand, moved toward the bed, determined to know what housed with me. The jug of water stood in the way and I lifted it with instinctive answer to the groan.

The creature heard the splash and I knew by its mutter what it wanted. I poured water on my handkerchief and bathed the face. That would have been the first desire in extreme moments. The poor wretch gave a reviving moan, so I felt emboldened to steady the jug and let drop by drop gurgle down its throat.

Forgetting the horror of the bed, I sat there, repeating at intervals this poor ministrations until the porthole again dawned and blackness became the twilight of day.

My cell mate could not see me. I doubt if he ever knew that a hand gave him water. His eyes were meaningless and he was so gaunt that his body scarcely made a ridge on the bed.

Some beans and mouldy bread were put in for my rations. The turnkey asked me how I intended to wash myself without basin or ewer or towels, and inquired further if he could be of service in disposing of my shirt or breeches.

"What ails this man?"

He shrugged and said the prisoner had been wrestling with fever.

"Who is he?"

"A journalist, or poet, or some miserable canaille of that sort. He will soon be out of your way." Our guard craned over to look at him. "Oui—da! He is a dying man! A priest must be sent to him soon. I remember he demanded one several days ago."

But that day and another dragged through before the priest appeared.

It was night by the loophole when our turnkey threw the door open. I heard the priest and his sacristan looking in the corridor before they entered, carrying their sacred parcels. The priest was a doddering old fellow, almost deaf, for the turnkey shouted at his ear, and dim of sight, for he stooped close to look at the dying man, who was beyond confession.

"Bring us something for a temporary altar," he commanded the turnkey, who stood candle in hand.

The turnkey gave his light to the sacristan, and, taking care to lock us in, hurried to obey.

I measured the plank, ill strung assistant, more an overgrown boy than a man of brown, but expanded around his upper part by the fullness of a short white surplice. He had a face cheerful to silliness.

The turnkey brought a board supported by crosspieces, and withdrew, taking his own candle, as soon as the church's tapers were lighted. The sacristan placed the temporary altar beside the foot of the bed, arrayed it, and recited the Confiteor.

Then the priest mumbled the Miserere and Indulgentiam. I heard and saw with exquisite keenness, yet I was thinking, "If I do not get out of here he will have to say those words over me."

I thought how easy it would be to strip the loose surplice over the sacristan's head. There was a swift clip of the arm around your opponent's neck which I had learned in wrestling that cut the breath off and dropped him as limp as a cloth. It was an Indian trick. I said to myself it would be impossible to use that trick on the sacristan if he left the cell behind the deaf old priest. I did not want to hurt him. Still he



There was lightning in my arm.

would have a better chance to live after I had squeezed his neck than I should have if I did not squeeze it.

The priest dipped his thumb in oil and with it crossed his eyes, ears, nose, mouth and hands of him who was leaving the use of these five senses and instruments of evil.

Then he placed a lighted candle in the stiffened fingers and ended with: "Accipe lampadem ardentem custodi unctorem tuum."

I said to myself: "I cannot do it! Nobody could! It is impossible!"

The sacristan now began to strip the altar and peck all the sacred implements into their cases, preparing his load in the center of the room. The man was dead.

The sacristan rapped upon the door to let the turnkey know that it was time to unlock. The turnkey opened a gap of doorway through which he could see the candles and the bed. He opened no wider than the breadth of the priest, who stepped out as the sacristan bent for the portables.

There was lightning in my arm as it took the sacristan around the neck and let him limp upon the stones. The tail of the priest's cassock was scarcely through the door.

"Eh bien, sacristan," called the turnkey. "Make haste with your load. I have this death to report. He is not so pretty that you must stand gazing at him all night!"

I had the surprise over the sacristan's head and eyes mine that looked out with my load, facing the room.

It was impossible, but I had done it!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Makes A Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

### Ran a Ten Penny Nail Through His Hand.

While opening a box, J. C. Mount, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," he says, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured part was soon healed." For sale by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store, Isaac M. Loryea, Prop.

### GUARDIAN CRANES.

They Take the Place of Shepherd Dogs in Venezuela.

The natives of Venezuela and adjoining countries on the north side of the river Amazon often avail themselves of the services of a native crane to care for their poultry and also, in the place of collies or shepherd dogs, to guard and herd their domestic animals. This remarkable bird, which the Indians call yakamuk, and the ornithologists Pelecanus crepitans, is found in a wild state in the great forests which lie between the northern coasts of South America and the Amazon river, particularly in Venezuela and British Guiana. The birds never leave the forests unless shot or captured. They may be trusted with the care of a flock of sheep or domestic fowls and every morning will drive the ducks and poultry to their feeding places and, carefully collecting any stragglers, bring them safely home at night. A yakamuk soon learns to know and obey the voice of its master, follows him, when permitted, wherever he goes and appears delighted receiving his caresses.

It returns at his absence and welcomes his pet and is extremely jealous of any rival. Should any dog or cat approach it flies at it with the utmost fury, and attacking it with wing and beak, drives it away. It presents itself regularly during meals, from which it chases all domestic animals and even the negroes who wait on the table if it is not well acquainted with them, and only asks for a share of the eatables after it has driven away all who might aspire to a favorable notice from the family—Brooklyn Eagle.

### A Long Dance.

William Kemp, an English comic actor who flourished during the last years of Queen Elizabeth and who belonged to the same company as Shakespeare and "created" Dogberry, danced from London to Norwich, a distance of 114 miles. He was accompanied by a servant, an umpire and a man with a tabor and pipe. Crowds hindered his start on Feb. 11, 1600, and many met him at every place. Several tried to dance with him, but none could keep his pace. The most successful were women. All the day he was followed by a snowstorm, he did it in nine days, and on the way accepted a challenge or two, each time coming off best, except when a Chelmsford maiden of fourteen danced till he was "tired to lie down." On his return he wrote an account of it, which ends with a warning to those with whom he had made wagers that if they did not pay up he would publish their names. The "Nine Dales' Wonder," as the title runs, is a merry, readable pamphlet. Among other curious information in it is the statement that the customary way to deal with pickpockets at the theater in those days was to tie them to a post.

### No Language of Their Own.

Among the peoples of the world the Swiss are alone in having no language they can call their own. According to a recent visitor to the little country, about three-fourths of the people of Switzerland speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them, mainly French and Italian, the languages varying as a rule according to the proximity of the people to each country whose tongue they speak. Public documents and notices are printed in both French and German. In the Swiss congress, a national parliament, the members make their speeches either in French or German, for nearly all the members understand both languages. The orders of the president are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the newspapers in both languages.

### Curiosities of Color.

After any severe shock you will be very likely to find that you have become temporarily color blind. Your perception of green light has probably gone, at least partially. White objects will then appear to you of a reddish purple and green objects to be very much duller in hue than ordinarily.

Any one can make himself or herself temporarily color blind by wearing a pair of ruby red glasses. The prolonged action of red light on the eyes ends by tiring out the nerves which receive red light. Consequently when the glasses are at last removed a rainbow appears to have only two colors—yellow and blue.

### Self Convicted.

"Say, pa," queried small Bobby, "what is gossiping, anyway?" "Gossiping, my son," replied the old man, "if we get right down to the plain, unvarnished facts, is lying. But why did you ask?"

"Because," answered the young investigator, "ma says you do a lot of gossiping every time your business keeps you late at the office."—Exchange.

### Her Performance.

Bellows—Does your daughter play on the piano? Old Farmer (in tones of deep disgust)—No, sir. She works on it, pounds on it, rakes it, scrapes it, jumps on it and rolls over on it, but there's no play about it, sir.

### Unappreciated.

"Do you believe," said the lady with the sear and yellow, "that the good die young?"

"How could I?" exclaimed the flatterer. "How could I, and you so good—er—that is?"

"Sir!"—Baltimore News.

### A Cold Refusal.

Willie—This is an excellent picture of you, Miss Marie. I wish I owned the original.

Marie—You may have the negative.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

### A Cure For Dyspepsia.

I had dyspepsia in its worst form and felt miserable most all the time. Did not enjoy eating until after I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure which has completely cured me.—Mrs. W. W. Saylor, Hilliard, Pa. No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, sour risings, indigestion, dyspepsia and all stomach troubles are quickly cured by the use of Kodol. Kodol represents the natural juices of digestion combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. It cleanses, purifies and sweetens the stomach. Sold by The R. B. Loryea Drug Store.

## MONEY TO LOAN.

I am prepared to negotiate loans on good real estate security, on reasonable terms.

R. O. PURDY,

Sumter, S. C.

### Shorthorn Cattle and Berkshire Hogs.

Our herd of Shorthorn Cattle contains about fifty head. These cattle were selected from the very best herds in Kentucky and are without doubt the finest in the State. All of them are thoroughly acclimated.

Our Berkshires were bred at Biltmore Farms and are second to none. Can furnish pigs not akin in either English or American bred stock.

All inquiries will receive prompt attention.

ALDERMAN STOCK FARM,

Alcolu, S. C.

## Bank of Summerton.

CAPITAL, \$25,000.

The Bank of Summerton having moved into its new building solicits your business and guarantees satisfaction. County collections a specialty, and prompt returns always given.

RICHARD B. SMYTH, President and Cashier.

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